**Ojamajo Propane: The Series**

**Episode 2: Bobby, Onpu, and the Brain**

Ever since the cosmic storm that merged Misora and Arlen, other worlds were shaken by the impact too. Two such worlds were the Witch World and the Wizard World. Originally separate, the Witch World and the Wizard World had only just begun to get along when they were merged together, although the combined universe was still called the Witch World. It could be accessed through a portal in the Mega-Lo Maho-Dou, although only at night, and if a smiling face was showing on a full moon.

The Witch World's kindergarten was home to two mischievous faces, a magical baby named Hana-chan, born from a blue rose that only bloomed every hundred years to birth a candidate for the next Witch Queen, and Alexander T. Oyajide, a disgraced wizard, forced to eternally be a janitor as punishment for attempting to exploit Hana-chan's power to, what he claimed, *grow crops* in the Wizard World.

Anyways, Oyajide was busy participating in his usual dead-end job of sweeping the floors and plunging toilets during the after-hours of the kindergarten. All of the other baby witches had gone home, but Hana-chan? She had the difficulty of returning to the human world to her adoptive mothers, the Ojamajos. (Especially thanks to the fact that Misora had been merged with Arlen. And due to the fact that the Ojamajos had witnessed Hana's birth from the blue rose, they were forced to take care of her for one year by the Witch Senate, thus making them her adoptive mothers.) Suddenly, Hana-chan began to let out a slow, soft cry as tears filled her eyes. She really missed the Ojamajos, she really did.

"Mama," she wept sadly.

At first, Oyajide panicked. He didn't know what to do, there was no instruction manual on how to parent, when he did find an instruction manual, it just simply told him how to hook up a Spanish TV to the electrical mains. He tried everything, from burping her to feeding her via bottle, to checking whether her diaper needed changing, until he found a poster laying on the floor, which displayed a picture of a familiar-looking purple-haired girl. He showed it to Hana-chan, who seemed to finally quieten down her crying. She recognized this as one of the Ojamajos, one of her adoptive mothers, the famous child idol, Onpu Segawa.

When Oyajide looked at the poster, he also screamed in delight. "ONPU-CHAAAAAANNN!" he screamed. "I LOOOVVVEEEEE YOOUU!" He began kissing the poster. Of course, Onpu had many fans, but Oyajide, precisely number 7 in her fan club, was not the most sane of her fans. He had met her before, when he was on the Ojamajos' side to collect the last of the bad cards, and every time he met her, he always enthusiastically handed her flowers, which she vehemently refused out of embarrassment. She, after all, did not love him, especially after he kidnapped Hana-chan. Although Oyajide always showed up at Onpu's concerts, always trying to either bombard her with love confessions, or causing a ruckus in the security department, or chasing her after she stopped singing. As a result, he was a wanted target for both the police forces of the human world and the Witch World.

Then, Oyajide had a lightbulb flash above his head! Why not access the human world via Hana-chan and access one of Onpu's concerts, pretending to be Hana's father? It

was just too genius to NOT work! "Oh, Hana-chaan," he cooed. "You want to see one of your mamas, don't you?"

"Mama." she babbled.

Oyajide then got out a feather from his pocket and began tickling Hana's nose with it, making her sneeze. In her sneeze, she had managed to fire a beam of light from the magic crystals used to tie her hair, creating a glowing portal to the human world.

"Bless you." he snickered, before jumping straight through to the town of MisArlen, carrying her in his arms.

Meanwhile, in the human world, Hank Hill was attempting to fix his truck in the garage of the Hill-Harukaze household, with his friends, Dale, Bill and Boomhauer, watching in the background. Since the cosmic disaster that merged their houses together, Hank had done some odd jobs around the Hill-Harukaze household to separate the families' houses again so that they wouldn't bicker. He had erected a great brick wall extending across the middle of the two lawns and the two merged households so that the Hill and Harukaze houses were separate again, and that the two neighbouring families would not enter the other side of the house without permission. Now, after the disaster with the Mega-Lo Trout, Hank was attempting to fix his truck after the destruction it suffered. "God-dang it!" he exclaimed. "Why won't the dang engine start?!"

"I reckon I know what's wrong with it." said Dale. "It's a Ford. Stands for, Fix It Again, Tony."

"Dale, I think you're referring to a FIAT." said Hank.

"Fix... It... Again... Tony..." Dale went over the sentence. "Oh."

When he had made a few more adjustments to the engine, Hank clambered into the front seat and attempted to start the engine. "YYup. It works." he mumbled.

Suddenly, Oyajide had come running by, with his Onpu poster still in his hands, carrying Hana-chan as well. "Excuse me! Excuse me!" he exclaimed. "Could you show me directions to the opening premiere to the first episode of Gazamodon?!"

"What in the hell is a Gazamodon?!" demanded Hank.

"Uh, it's this film!" answered Oyajide. "Yeah! That's it! A film! That I'd like to go to see because it has this particular actress that I like in it."

"Hank! Hank!" shouted Dale. "Don't go along with this guy! He's an alien! An alien! I had an encounter with aliens once, they impregnated my wife in human experimentation! Don't let them get you next!"

"Dale, shut up!" reprimanded Hank. "He's not an alien! Although, I do find him a tad suspicious."

"I-uh, I'm just in disguise!" Oyajide stammered, waving his Onpu poster around dramatically. "I've been invited to the fancy dress party... that's uh, also part of the movie!" He pulled the most fake smile known to man.

"Man, I ain't seen no dang ol' fancy dress party at a movie." said Boomhauer, in his trademark rapid-fire speech. "Not even in the newest Cosmic Wars, man, all the fans got kicked out for wearin' dang ol' fancy costumes, man."

Hank squinted at Oyajide, still unsure of what to make of the odd stranger. "Look, if you want to see a movie, you should probably just head on over to the theater on Main Street. They're showing the previews for all the new releases, including that Gazamodon thing you mentioned."

"Thank you! Thank you!" Oyajide exclaimed, nearly dropping Hana-chan in his excitement. "You're a lifesaver!"

Hank shook his head as Oyajide ran off in the direction that he indicated. "That boy ain't right."

Meanwhile, Oyajide was sprinting down the street, dodging pedestrians who looked at him with a mix of confusion and concern, his mind racing with thoughts of how to impress Onpu and finally win her heart, even though the chances of that happening were -1%. "We're almost there, Hana-chan!" he encouraged, charging through the crowd. "Just a little bit further!"

Finally, he reached the theater, its marquee shining brightly against the Texan-Japanese sun-filled sky. "There it is! The premiere of Gazamodon!" he shouted, running up the steps, only to be met by a stern-looking security guard.

"Hey! You can't just barge in here!" the guard barked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"But I'm here to see Onpu-chan!" Oyajide pleaded, holding up the poster. "I'm her biggest fan! I'm her, uh, father—uh, guardian! Yes! I'm her guardian!"

The guard's expression softened slightly, but he remained skeptical. "Right. And I'm the Devil's right hand man. You can't just waltz in here without a ticket."

"But I've got an eternal membership at Whataburger that also works here-" Oyajide began, but Hana-chan, sensing the tension, let out a small wail.

"Mama!" she cried, her eyes welling up again, and Oyajide's heart sank.

"Oh no, please don't cry!" he begged, waving the poster in front of her. "Look, it's Onpu-chan! She's here! We're going to see her!"

The guard raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced. Just then, a commotion erupted from inside the theater as fans cheered and screamed. The sound of familiar music floated through the air, and Oyajide's eyes widened.

"Onpu-chan!" he cried, suddenly filled with determination. "I have to get in! For Hana-chan!" Although it was pretty obvious that he was getting in ONLY to see Onpu, and was using Hana-chan as a means to an end. Before the guard could react, Oyajide darted around him, rushing through the entrance. "Excuse me! Coming through!" he shouted, weaving past bewildered fans.

Inside, the theater buzzed with excitement, the lights dimming as the show was about to begin. Oyajide scanned the room for a glimpse of Onpu Segawa, his heart racing as

he clutched Hana-chan tightly. "Where are you, Onpu-chan?" he murmured, searching frantically.

Meanwhile, backstage, Onpu was adjusting her microphone, checking her hair in the mirror, and reviewing the choreography for her opening number. The cheers from the audience made her both excited and nervous, but she was determined to give her fans a great show. Suddenly, a stagehand burst into the dressing room, out of breath.

"Segawa-san!" he shouted. "Some maniac just barged in waving a poster of you and holding a baby! He's shouting your name and claiming to be... uh... your father?"

"He's not my father." stated Onpu. "Lemme guess, is it really Oyajide?" She sighed. "I'll go sort him out."

Onpu immediately went out to the front of the stage, where she was greeted with mass audience applause and an obligation to do a lot of bowing. She, after all, had to be polite towards her adoring fans.

"ONPU-CHAAAAANNN!" screamed Oyajide. "IT IS I, YOUR MOST DEVOTED FAN, HERE TO CHEER YOU ON! I EVEN BROUGHT HANA-CHAN TO SUPPORT YOU!"

Onpu froze, her eye twitching. But alas, she had unfinished business to do, and thus eventually recomposed herself. "Alright Oyajide," she began. "What is it exactly that you want?"

"I-uh, Hana-chan wants to see you!" he shouted. "I love you and all, and- "

"Hold it." she interrupted. "What are you doing with Hana-chan?"

"She just wants to see you!" exclaimed Oyajide. "She loves you! She's a big fan of yours and wants to see your show!"

"I had to raise her for one year." said Onpu. "Of course, adopted, what else are you supposed to do when a baby is born from a blue rose? Anyways, I'm onto you, Oyajide, after your past kidnappings, I can't say I trust you so much with that baby."

"Certainly, Onpu-sama! I'll make an offering to you." declared Oyajide, slowly approaching her on stage. "If you can accept my offering, a bouquet of only the finest roses picked only from the Wizard World's most tender gardens, you can have Hana-chan back in your care! That sound like a plan?"

Onpu gazed at the roses presented to her, debating her decision. "No thanks, flyboy." she said. "You'll have to try harder than that if you want me to accept an offering from you!"

"A lifetime membership to Whataburger?" suggested Oyajide.

"I'm a vegetarian." responded Onpu.

"This laptop?" asked Oyajide.

"If it has your search history on it, then it's a definite pass." answered Onpu.

"A list explaining the contents of my search history?" proposed Oyajide.

"I think I'm going to throw up." groaned Onpu.

Suddenly, Oyajide took the microphone from her hands, seated himself at a grand piano, and began to belt out a wildly off-key rendition of a love song, while the audience stared in wide-eyed disbelief. Onpu watched, a mix of horror and amusement on her face. The lyrics were nonsensical, filled with awkward metaphors about roses and blue skies. Yet, somehow, Oyajide's enthusiasm was infectious.

"*Onpu, you're so cool,*

*And with my wizarding expertise, we could rule.*

*Onpu, U-UNDERSTAAYAANNNDDD!*

*I'M GOOWWNNAAAA LOOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVEEEEEEEE YA TIIIIIILLLL THE VERY AAAAAYYEND!*

*ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU,*

*IIIIIII LOOOOOOWWWWWWWVVVVVVEEE YAAAAAAAAOOOOOOOUUUUUUUWWW! OOOOOHHHHHH YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!*

*HANK HILL, DALE GRIBBLE, AND A BOOMHAUER, TOO!*

*A THOUSAND CHARCOAL USERS COULDN'T KEEP ME FROM YOU!*

*ONPU-CHAN, AATT THE EENNDD OF THE LAAINE,*

*AAAAAAAAIIIIIIIII'LLLLLLLLL MAAAAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEE YOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUU MIIII-HIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEE! OH-OH!*

*ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU,*

*ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU, ONPU,*

*OOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNPU! OOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNPUU! OH-"*

**CLONG!**

"**YOOOOOOOWWWWWWW!**"

Onpu had slammed the lid of the piano down on Oyajide's fingers mid-performance, clearly sick and tired of his noisy declaration of love towards her. "Okay, okay! Enough!" Onpu finally interjected, trying to suppress her laughter. "You've made your point, Oyajide! But if you want to keep Hana-chan here, you'll have to promise to behave yourself. No more kidnapping, no more craziness—just don't be an idiot."

"Oooh, feisty, are we?" drawled Oyajide.

"No, not *feisty*!" shot back Onpu. "Just at the end of my patience! You're lucky that I still have my patience! But if you push it even *one more inch*, I'm turning you into a toad

and throwing you in the Witch World swamp! And trust me, the frogs there don't mess around!"

"Ah, Onpu-sama, your fiery spirit is but another reason why I adore you!" drooled Oyajide. He slowly began advancing towards her, while she backed away on stage. They eventually backed themselves towards a brick wall at the end of the stage. "But I won't give up! My love for you is eternal, Onpu-sama!"

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" Onpu shouted, before whipping out her broomstick and pollon and casting a spell to break through the brick wall and escape on her broomstick. Oyajide quickly followed after her, riding his staff instead. A massive chase through the city ensued, with Oyajide endlessly trying to proclaim his love for Onpu, while she tried everything in her power to ensure he knew that she was off-limits. When they approached the Hill-Harukaze household, Oyajide decided to hijack Hank's truck and drive it at full speed, swerving left and right to avoid the sea of oncoming cars coming right towards him, crashing straight into a flower shop and attempting to throw roses into the air. Onpu retaliated by shooting fireball spells out of her pollon, burning every single one of the flowers thrown at her.

The chaos of the pursuit escalated as Hank Hill, hearing the commotion outside, stepped onto the front porch holding a propane tank, prepared to deal with whatever nonsense was going on this time. What greeted him was a scene so bizarre that it left him utterly speechless: Oyajide, still clutching Hana-chan, was swerving Hank's truck wildly through the streets, cackling and throwing roses like a deranged florist. Meanwhile, Onpu was soaring above him on her broomstick, firing off precision fireball spells that exploded into bursts of flames in the air.

"WHAT IN TARNATION?!" yelled Hank. "WHAT ARE Y'ALL DOING WITH MY TRUCK?!"

Dale ran up, clutching his rifle and panting. "Hank! Aliens have invaded, and they're stealing your truck! We need to call the CIA!" He attempted to shoot at Oyajide countless times, but each and every time, he missed, smashing Hank's truck's windows. Onpu used a telekinesis spell to try and restrain Oyajide, causing Hank's truck to float in the air, as if it was doing some kind of stunt. The truck spun in midair, glowing faintly from Onpu's telekinesis spell, while Oyajide clung to the steering wheel with a crazed grin, Hana-chan giggling in his lap.

"OYAJIDE!" yelled Hank. "STOP DOING THAT AT ONCE! STOP FLIRTING WITH THAT GIRL, STOP SHOWING OFF, AND PUT MY DANG TRUCK DOWN, OR ELSE I'LL SHOVE MY SIZE TWELVE BOOT UP YOUR SIZE ONE ASS! YA HEAR ME?!"

Onpu hovered in the air, her patience thinning. "Oyajide, if you don't surrender Hana-chan and stop this nonsense, I'll make sure you're cleaning toilets in the Witch World for eternity!"

"NEVER!" Oyajide bellowed, gunning the gas pedal despite the fact that the truck was suspended in the air. "My love for you, Onpu-sama, transcends gravity! And I shall prove it with—"

"Dang it, how many times have I told you to stop flirting with that girl!" Hank roared. He picked up his dropped propane tank and hurled it toward the truck, narrowly missing one of the floating tires.

"I got this, Hank!" Dale exclaimed, reloading his rifle and aiming wildly. "I'm gonna neutralize that alien and save your truck!" He fired three shots, all of which ricocheted off the truck, narrowly missing Boomhauer, who ducked just in time.

"Man, that dang ol' bullet rain, man, dang near kill me," Boomhauer muttered, shaking his head.

Meanwhile, Onpu, deciding that diplomacy had failed, summoned a series of glowing chains with her wand. The magical chains shot out like snakes, wrapping around the truck and yanking it back toward the ground. "I'm not playing around anymore, Oyajide!" she yelled.

But Oyajide kept swerving Hank's truck, even though it wasn't moving anywhere due to the magical chains surrounding it, dodging the barrage of Dale's poorly aimed bullets, because they were THAT poorly aimed. "I shall prove my love for Onpu-sama with this grand, daring display of my driving skills! Look, Onpu-sama, I'm a hero!" he declared, tossing yet another handful of roses out the driver-side window.

Onpu, now entirely done with Oyajide's antics, decided to grab the chains with her bare hands, and start swinging it in circles. Eventually, she threw them straight towards the ground, sending the truck flying straight towards the Hill side of the Hill-Harukaze household, creating a giant crater in the back lawn. Onpu landed gracefully on the ground beside the wreckage, her broomstick still glowing faintly with magic.

From the porch, Peggy Hill, Hank's wife, stepped out, clutching her purse like a weapon. "Hank, is that man throwing flowers from your truck?!" She squinted. "And is that..." She squealed in delight. "Oh my goodness, is that..." She spotted Onpu from across the patio. "ONPU SEGAWA?!" she exclaimed, her eyes lighting up with the kind of manic excitement that only comes from watching way too much late-night Japanese TV on the public access channel. "Oh, Hank! It's *her*! The child idol! The one from that magical girl show I told you about! She's here!"

Hank pinched the bridge of his nose. "Peggy, we've got bigger problems than that girl! That crazy wizard or whatever he is just *cratered* my dang lawn with my truck!"

Peggy ignored him, grabbing Bobby, Hank and Peggy's son, by the arm and dragging him outside. "Bobby! Look, it's Onpu Segawa! Isn't she just darling?!"

Bobby blinked, staring at the wreckage and Onpu's still-glowing broomstick. Suddenly, he gasped. "Onpu! It really is her! Mom, I'm pretty sure she just threw Dad's truck out of the sky!"

"I don't care, Bobby!" Peggy hissed. "She's *famous*! We're practically hosting *royalty*! Now go get her an autograph book or something!"

Meanwhile, Onpu was dusting herself off, utterly unfazed by the crater in the lawn. "Okay, Oyajide, enough is enough. You're going straight back to the Witch World where you belong, and you're not taking *anybody's* truck with you!"

Oyajide crawled out of the wreckage, somehow still clutching Hana-chan, who giggled happily, unfazed by the chaos. "Oh, Onpu-sama, your power, your passion—it only makes me adore you more!" He struck a dramatic pose, completely oblivious to Hank's glare.

"You!" Hank barked, pointing a finger at Oyajide. "Get off my property before I reinforce your ass in with my foot!"

"I'm a- reloadin'!" Dale said, reloading his rifle yet again. "This time, I'm *definitely* hitting him!"

"Dang ol' Dale, man, you ain't hit nothin' all day, man," Boomhauer muttered, shaking his head.

As if on cue, Oyajide dodged a poorly aimed shot from Dale by flipping into a ridiculous cartwheel, all while holding Hana-chan like some kind of demented circus act. "You cannot defeat me! My love for Onpu-sama shields me from all harm!"

"Is this guy for real?" Bobby asked, watching the scene unfold with a mix of awe and horror.

"I don't know, Bobby," Hank said, picking up his propane tank again. "But this boy makes you look right by comparison."

Before Hank could act, Onpu waved her wand again, and glowing magical ropes shot out, wrapping around Oyajide and pinning him to the ground. "I told you, Oyajide. Enough."

Oyajide struggled against the ropes but couldn't move an inch. "Oh, Onpu-sama, your strength is as beautiful as your voice!"

"I'm sending you back to the Witch World, and you're staying there," Onpu said firmly, raising her wand.

"Hold it!" Peggy and Bobby shouted, running up with a notepad and pen. "Can we get your autograph first?"

Onpu sighed, signing the notepad quickly before waving her wand and creating a portal beneath Oyajide. He and Hana-chan vanished into the glowing vortex, his shouts of devotion echoing as he disappeared.

The yard was finally silent, except for the faint crackle of magic in the air.

"Well," Peggy said, clutching her new autograph, "that was the most exciting thing to happen here since I won Substitute Teacher of the Year!"

Hank stared at the crater in his lawn, the remains of his truck, and the still-glowing broomstick. "Well, looks like I'm gonna have to start mowin' a crater, I tell you what."

Suddenly, several teenage boys approached Bobby, and started throwing donuts at him. "Hey Fatty! You are fat!" one of them chuckled. But Bobby wasn't bothered by this, for he began catching the donuts midair with his mouth and eating them. As one donut sailed through the air, it came to an abrupt stop mid-flight, encased in a glowing purple aura. Onpu was back. She floated above the yard on her broomstick, her wand extended, glowing faintly. "Didn't I *just* handle a bunch of idiots?" she said, her voice dripping with annoyance.

The teenagers froze in place as Onpu twirled her wand, sending the donut hurtling back toward the leader of the group. It splatted against his forehead, leaving a sugary mess dripping down his face.

"Nice shot!" Bobby cheered, grinning ear to ear.

Peggy clapped her hands. "Oh, she's just so graceful *and* assertive! You don't get that kind of poise from public school education, Hank!"

Hank crossed his arms, sighing. "This day just keeps gettin' weirder."

Onpu landed gracefully next to Bobby, her broomstick dissipating into sparkles. "Now," she said, fixing the teenagers with a death glare, "who else wants to throw food at someone?"

The boys stammered incoherently, backing away, but Onpu wasn't done. She waved her wand, conjuring a small magical circle beneath their feet. "You think it's funny to bully people, huh? Let's see how funny it is when *you're* on the other side."

In a flash of light, the boys found themselves wearing oversized costumes of various pastries—donuts, éclairs, cupcakes. They looked at each other in horror as laughter erupted from the onlookers.

"You turned them into snacks!" Bobby exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"Not permanently," Onpu replied, smirking. "They'll change back… eventually. After they've learned their lesson."

The leader of the group, now dressed as a jelly donut, tried to stumble away, but tripped over his ridiculous costume. The others followed, waddling off as best they could while muttering apologies and promises to never bully anyone again.

"Dang ol' sweetest justice, man," Boomhauer muttered, nodding in approval.

Peggy hugged Onpu suddenly, tears welling up in her eyes. "You are such an inspiration to young women everywhere! A true role model! Hank, can we adopt her?"

Hank threw up his hands. "Peggy, we're not adoptin' a magical girl! We can barely keep Bobby from eatin' ground donuts!"

Bobby licked some jelly off his fingers. "What? They're perfectly fine now."

Onpu chuckled, patting Bobby on the shoulder. "Don't worry, Bobby. You're a good kid. Just ignore those jerks."

As Onpu prepared to leave again, Bobby stepped forward. "Wait! Onpu!" he called out. "I got to ask you something!"

She stopped in her tracks for a second, turning around in Bobby's direction.

"I've always wanted to work in the entertainment industry," began Bobby. "But I've never gotten to experience it firsthand. What's it like, Onpu? What's it like, being a child idol?"

Onpu smiled warmly at Bobby, her expression softening. "Well, Bobby," she began, "being a child idol is a lot of fun, but it also comes with its challenges." She paused, glancing back at the crater in the lawn and the remnants of Hank's truck, a hint of amusement in her eyes.

"You get to meet lots of amazing people and perform for fans who adore you, which is incredible. But there's also pressure to always be perfect, to keep up with your image, and to make everyone happy." She took a deep breath, remembering her own experiences. "It can be exhausting sometimes, and you have to learn to balance your own desires with what others expect from you."

Bobby nodded, absorbing her words. "Do you ever wish you could just be normal? Like, go to school and hang out with friends without all the fame?"

Onpu chuckled lightly. "Sometimes, yes! I miss just being a regular kid sometimes. But I also love what I do. The joy I bring to others makes it worth it. And I've got friends who support me, like my fellow Ojamajos." She thought of her friends and their adventures. "They keep me grounded."

"Wow, that's really cool," Bobby said, his eyes wide with admiration. "Do you think I could ever be an idol too?"

"Of course you can!" Onpu said, her enthusiasm returning. "If you have a passion for performing, just follow your dreams! Practice hard, find what you love, and don't be afraid to show it. And remember, it's not just about being famous; it's about bringing happiness to others. Besides, I've got to ask YOU something, what's it like being a normal kid?"

"Eh, it's alright, I guess." Bobby shrugged. "It's obviously not as glamorous as your idol lifestyle, but hey, at least you get a bucket of chicken. I bet you don't get that in the idol industry."

Onpu chuckled. "You're funny, Bobby."

"You're funny too, Onpu." said Bobby. "You've got this, like, wizard who constantly wants to flirt with you, but you're all like," He began doing an impression of her. "I thought I told you to suck it, you idiot!"

Onpu burst into laughter, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "Bobby, that's not quite how I put it, but you're not wrong!" She wiped a tear of joy from the corner of her eye. "You've got a real talent for impressions."

"Hey, maybe you could be my manager!" Bobby proposed, his eyes twinkling with excitement. "We could team up! You know, the magical girl and the aspiring idol!"

Onpu raised an eyebrow, a playful grin on her face. "And what would our first project be? Turning all the bullies into pastries again?"

"No, we experience each other's lives." suggested Bobby. "Since we're so curious about each other's lives."

"Great idea Bobby!" cheered Onpu. "Uh, I just gotta pop to the convenience store first though, be right back!"

But she wasn't really going to the convenience store, for she just got on her broomstick and flew away until she was in an alleyway behind the convenience store. From there, she aimed carefully, a distance of over 2.3 miles, before then firing a spell.

"Pururun Purun Famifami Faa!" chanted Onpu. "Switch mine and Bobby's brains!"

Suddenly, a purple light emanated from Onpu's pollon, shooting straight to Bobby's location. Now, Onpu and Bobby's brains were switched. Onpu was now in Bobby's body, whereas Bobby was in Onpu's body. "Wh-where am I?" stammered Bobby, for he now no longer was in Hank's back yard, but was now in the alleyway near the convenience store. Meanwhile, Onpu tried her very best to act like Bobby, now that she was in his body, and in Hank's back yard instead of an alleyway.

"Alright, now that we've had enough chaos for a day, I'm going to watch TV." Hank said.

Meanwhile, Onpu was trying to get accustomed to her new, much larger body. "This is strange," she murmured, her voice deep and gruff compared to her usual sweet tone. "I can feel the weight of… uh, whatever this is." She glanced down at Bobby's casual T-shirt and shorts, realizing just how different their lives were.

"Okay, Bobby," she said, crossing her arms in an attempt to mimic his usual casual demeanor. "What do I do now? What's a normal kid supposed to do?"

"Uh-Uh, Dad?" she stammered awkwardly. "Can I watch TV as well? There's a lot of great idol concerts on this year."

"No Bobby, it's NASCAR season." said Hank. "Although it is the only time I am unblocking FOX, but FOX is only for football and NASCAR and nothing else. The rest of it is unadulterated filth!"

Onpu, now inhabiting Bobby's body, blinked in confusion. "NASCAR?" she echoed, trying to wrap her head around the idea. "What's that?"

Hank raised an eyebrow, surprised by Bobby's sudden lack of enthusiasm. "It's a racing series, son. You know, cars going in circles. It's the pride of America, I tell you what."

"Right... cars going in circles..." Onpu muttered, her mind racing with thoughts of glitter, music, and magic rather than engines and tires. "But... can't we watch something else? Like a concert? Or a magical girl show?"

Hank sighed, realizing that this wasn't the usual Bobby he was dealing with. "Bobby, we watch what I want to watch. You'll have your turn later. Besides, Dale, Bill, and Boomhauer are coming over later and you better not mess this up like last time, since NASCAR is the peak of Texan sports."

With a deep sigh, Onpu continued to adjust to her new reality as Bobby. She looked around the living room, taking in the familiar yet foreign surroundings. This was Bobby's world, the one she had only seen from a distance as a child idol. "Okay, Dad," she said, trying her best to mimic Bobby's casual tone, "I guess I can wait for the concert."

Hank squinted suspiciously at her. "You don't sound like yourself today, Bobby. You feeling alright? Have you been sniffing my truck's fuel again?"

"Uh, yeah! Totally! Just... tired from all the idol concerts I've been practicing for!" Onpu replied, desperately trying to keep her voice steady and nonchalant.

"Alright, just don't go messing with the remote, okay? I don't want you changing any of the channels while the race is on," Hank instructed, plopping down on the couch and grabbing a bag of chips. "That boy ain't right." he sighed.

He then tried to set up the TV, messing with cables and plugs in the process. "God-dang it Bobby!" he yelled. "The dang TV's playin' up! It ain't workin'!"

Onpu, still trying to adjust to her new reality as Bobby, watched Hank wrestle with the TV. "Okay, just stay calm," she thought, trying to channel her inner Bobby. "How would he handle this situation?"

"Uh, Dad!" she called out, trying to sound casual. "Maybe it's just a loose connection? Have you tried unplugging it and plugging it back in?"

"I've tried everything, Bobby!" exclaimed Hank.

"Why don't we just buy a new TV?" suggested Onpu.

"Well, the sad news is that America, the greatest country in the world, no longer makes TVs." stated Hank. "If this thing blows up, you're letting a piece of America die."

"Well, what about buying a Japanese TV?" suggested Onpu.

"'Cause then every channel's full of idol concerts and magical girl shows." said Hank. "Makes FOX look Christian by comparison."

Meanwhile, back in the alleyway, Bobby, now inhabiting Onpu's body, was struggling to manage the sudden influx of magical energy that surged through him. He glanced down at his hands, now smaller and more delicate than before. "What the heck just happened?" he muttered, adjusting to the reality that he was in Onpu's body. Sooner or later, he found Onpu's pollon in her back pocket. "Whoa! This feels... incredible!" he exclaimed, testing out his new powers by waving her pollon and causing small sparkles to appear. "This is so cool!"

"Okay, Bobby," he said to himself, "You've got to figure out how to use magic, and fast! I can't let Onpu down!"

He focused on a nearby soda can, imagining it floating into the air. To his surprise, it began to rise, but with a shaky wobble. "Just like Onpu does it!" he encouraged himself, gritting his teeth in concentration. The can spun wildly before crashing back down with a loud *thud*.

"Onpu-chan?" cried a voice. "What are you doing in that dingy alleyway?"

Four other figures peeked around the corner, staring at Bobby, seemingly dressed in similar outfits like he was. The other Ojamajos had gone out shopping, but noticed that they were missing Onpu. Now, they had found her, hiding in an alleyway, unaware that it was really Bobby.

"Onpu-chan, what are you doing here?!" exclaimed Doremi. "You're supposed to be at that concert, remember?"

"Uh, hi guys." said Bobby. "Yeah, the concert finished long ago, so I was just practicing magic."

"Down in an alleyway?" questioned Momoko. "You're going to get dirty, you know?"

"Hey, don't worry about getting dirty." reassured Aiko. "I just went go-karting, and suffered a severe crash at that. Driving instructor said I'd be fine, though."

"Yeah, but this is *Onpu* we're talking about." said Momoko. "Her entire reputation is at stake here!"

"Steak? Steak?!" Doremi perked up. "There's steak involved here?"

"Doremi-chan, there's a different word involved here." said Hazuki. "It's called a homophone."

"Oh, I get it! It's that phoneline for men who love other men!" exclaimed Doremi.

Hazuki fell silent for a couple of seconds, embarrassment flooding her face as it turned beet red. "Uuuhhh, forget it Doremi." she said.

"Uh, guys!" Bobby said, trying to sound like Onpu but failing miserably. "I really should get going... you know, the concert and all that." He awkwardly waved Onpu's pollon, hoping it would somehow convince them of his identity.

Doremi squinted, tilting her head. "Onpu-chan, are you feeling okay? You don't seem like yourself today."

"Yeah! You seem... different," Hazuki added, crossing her arms skeptically.

Bobby gulped, realizing he had to think quickly. "Uh, I just... I just had a *really* intense rehearsal! You know how it is, right? Just trying to keep my image perfect!"

Momoko raised an eyebrow. "But you're always perfect! What's going on?"

"Uh, it's just the stress of fame, I guess!" Bobby replied, trying to sound cool and collected. "A magical girl's life is tough, you know."

The other Ojamajos exchanged glances, clearly not buying it. "Come on, Onpu-chan, we should head back. The fans will be worried!" Aiko suggested.

"Yeah! Let's not keep them waiting," Bobby insisted, trying to sound enthusiastic while also trying to avoid being discovered. "Right, let's go!"

The Ojamajos nodded, and as they started walking, Bobby realized he had to keep up the act. "So, who are you guys anyway?"

The Ojamajos stopped, in clear shock. "Onpu-chan? You don't remember us?" asked Doremi.

"OH MY GOD! SHE'S GOT AMNESIA!" cried Momoko.

"WHAT?! AMNESIA?!" yelled Doremi.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, everybody calm down." interjected Aiko. "We can't really go jumping to conclusions unless we have knowledge and evidence that she has amnesia."

"Yeah, we'll need knowledge and evidence or something." Hazuki nodded, in agreement. "And the only knowledge or evidence that we'll ever get is an actual doctor's diagnosis."

And so the Ojamajos hopped on their brooms, each of them taking turns carrying Bobby in their arms, and flew to the nearest hospital, where a doctor was sure to investigate Bobby for signs of amnesia.

"Hmmm… seems odd…" the doctor said, examining Bobby. "No visible head trauma or other injuries sustained. Yet, it can't happen for no reason."

As the doctor continued his examination, Bobby felt a wave of anxiety wash over him. He could feel the weight of the Ojamajos' concerned gazes, and he had to keep his cover intact. "Uh, I'm just really tired, doc," he said, forcing a smile. "You know how it is, right? Idol life, rehearsals, the whole shebang."

The doctor chuckled lightly. "Well, first, we need to run some tests. But I'm inclined to believe you're just stressed. Stress can cause a lot of strange symptoms, including memory lapses. It might help to take a break and relax."

Suddenly, Bobby spotted a plastic knife and fork left behind by the previous patient when he was offered a bagel. He proceeded to duct tape them to his hands, in order to prove to the doctor that he was fine. "U-uh, I'm fine, doc!" he protested. "I'm immortal! I'm bulletproof! I'm, Whatshisface? You know the guy! That superhero with the big fat claws!"

"Onpu-chan, stop messing around!" remarked Aiko. "You're not Wolverine."

"We promise you, she's normally more calm and composed than this." said Hazuki.

The doctor frowned. "You need to think about your health first, Onpu. Your fans will understand if you take a break. It's better to be healthy than to push yourself to the breaking point."

"Breaking point?! I have no breaking point!" declared Bobby. "For I am Wolverine! I am immortal to anything, including amnesia!"

"OH YEAH! GO WOLVERINE!" cheered Momoko. "RIP HIS EARS OUT!"

"Don't encourage her, Momo-chan!" panicked Doremi.

The doctor raised an eyebrow, clearly perplexed by the strange behavior of the supposed Onpu. "Alright then, let's run some basic tests, just to be sure," he finally decided, motioning for Bobby to follow him.

As they walked down the hallway, Bobby tried to keep up the charade, but with every passing moment, he felt himself slipping further into panic. What if he couldn't pull off being Onpu? What if the Ojamajos figured out his secret? Just as he was worrying, they reached a small examination room, where a nurse was waiting.

"Please sit here, and I'll get started with some questions," she instructed, pointing to the examination table.

"Sure, no problem!" Bobby replied, trying to sound cheerful despite the knot forming in his stomach. He hopped onto the table, still gripping the plastic utensils like they were his lifeline. "Just a regular check-up, right?"

The nurse smiled, writing down notes as she began asking him questions. "What's your name?"

"Uh, Onpu Segawa!" he declared with enthusiasm, and the nurse raised an eyebrow, noting the oddity of his response.

"And your birthday?" she continued.

"Birthday? Uh, can't remember!" he exclaimed.

"Okay," the nurse said, jotting down the information. "And what brings you in today? Any specific symptoms?"

Bobby hesitated. "Oh, you know, just the usual—feeling a bit dizzy, maybe some memory loss, and—" he added dramatically, waving his plastic utensils around, "like I'm a superhero!"

The nurse blinked in confusion, unsure if she should be alarmed or amused. "Alright, let's check your vitals."

As she took his pulse and temperature, Doremi and the others peeked into the room. "How's it going in there?" Doremi asked, trying to peer around the door.

Bobby quickly shot them a look, signaling for them to be quiet. "Everything's fine!" he called out, trying to sound reassuring. But the truth was, he was starting to feel overwhelmed. How could he keep this up?

The nurse finished her examination and turned to him with a serious expression. "Honestly, Onpu, everything seems fine physically, but I think you really should take a break. Stress can manifest in strange ways, and it's important to prioritize your health."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it! But I'm okay! Really!" Bobby insisted, trying to sound convincing.

Just then, the doctor returned, looking at Bobby with a mix of concern and curiosity. "The tests came back normal. You're not physically unwell, but your behavior indicates you might be dealing with a lot of pressure. It's okay to take time off from your idol activities."

Bobby's heart sank. He needed to figure out a way to escape this situation before anyone discovered the truth. "Doc, I'm just… uh… trying to practice for a special performance!" He waved the plastic utensils again, trying to appear casual.

"Alright, but remember, your health is most important. If you feel overwhelmed, don't hesitate to reach out for help," the doctor advised, crossing his arms.

As Bobby nodded absently, he caught a glimpse of the Ojamajos whispering outside the door, clearly concerned but not understanding the full picture. "What if she really does have amnesia?" Hazuki said, biting her lip. "What if something happened?" He felt a pang of guilt for deceiving them, but he needed to keep up appearances.

"Let's get you out of here and back to your friends," the doctor said, ushering Bobby out of the examination room.

Once outside, Doremi and the others rushed forward. "Onpu-chan! Are you okay? You were acting really weird!" Doremi exclaimed, her eyes filled with worry.

Bobby forced a smile, trying to emulate Onpu's usual cheerful demeanor. "Of course! Just a little tired, that's all! You know how it is!"

The Ojamajos exchanged skeptical glances but didn't push further. They were just relieved to see Bobby—err, Onpu—safe.

"Do you think it's serious?" Aiko asked, glancing at the doctor.

"It's not uncommon for idols to experience stress and anxiety, and it can manifest in unusual ways." said the doctor.

Bobby felt the weight of those words. Was it really stress that was causing his identity crisis? "Yeah, but I'm not stressed! I'm just... living my best life!" he insisted, trying to maintain his cover. "I mean, look at me! I'm Onpu Segawa!"

Meanwhile, the Ojamajos exchanged glances, their concern growing. "Onpu-chan, we're here for you, no matter what," Momoko said softly. "You're not alone in this."

"Yeah!" Doremi added. "We all go through tough times! And we're here to help you through it!"

Bobby felt a warmth in his chest at their words. "Thanks, guys. I really appreciate it," he said, trying to sound genuine.

As they prepared to leave the hospital, Bobby contemplated how to return to his own body and life. He couldn't let Onpu down and had to figure out a way to switch back.

Meanwhile, back at the Hill-Harukaze household, Hank was still wrestling with the TV, grumbling under his breath about the state of his old, malfunctioning technology and how the Americans still wouldn't invent new TVs. Just then, he heard a knock on the door.

"Hey, Hank, just came round to watch the NASCAR." greeted Dale, with Bill holding the snacks and Boomhauer looking perplexed about the TV.

"Man, your dang ol' TV's gone on the blink, man."

All the TV was displaying so far was just a load of static, displaced cables laying around like a snake zoo. "I know Boomhauer." Hank said. "But the sad news is-"

Boomhauer immediately went around to investigate the back of the TV. He looked at the cables, and arranged every single one of them rapidly, eventually managing to get the TV back on via switching some cables.

"Yeah, man, you just kept puttin' the yellow and red cables in the wrong places, man."

"You… you… actually fixed my TV!" exclaimed Hank. "Well, I'll be! Thank you Boomhauer! You did quite a nifty job there!"

"Don't mention it, man!"

As Hank, Boomhauer, Bill and Dale sat down to watch the NASCAR, snacks in hand, Onpu, whose consciousness was inside Bobby's body, lounged around in an armchair, bored out of her brain. All NASCAR was was just colourful cars with numbers on them going around in circles repeatedly. Before they switched bodies, Bobby had told her that the real entertainment would come when there were massive wrecks, but the drivers seemed to be hellbent on being very contact-averse, almost as if they were all afraid that the metal on their cars would contract some kind of virus and were all socially distancing as a result. And yet, the guys were all cheering loudly, like a pack of wild animals in a zoo.

"Is this what they call entertainment?" Onpu thought, shifting uncomfortably in Bobby's oversized chair. She watched as Hank and his friends cheered and groaned at every turn of the race. "I can't believe they're so invested in this!"

Suddenly, the camera panned to a car that was spinning out of control. Hank jumped up, his eyes wide with excitement. "Look at that! Now that's what I'm talking about!" he yelled, pointing at the screen. "That's a crash waiting to happen!"

Onpu raised an eyebrow. "Is this what people find exciting?" she thought, feeling a little lost. Just then, the spinning car collided with another, sending both vehicles crashing into the wall. The crowd in the living room erupted into cheers, and Onpu flinched at the noise.

"Alright! Now that's a wreck!" Dale shouted, munching on a chip. "That's what makes NASCAR worth watching!"

Realizing she was in a room full of NASCAR enthusiasts, Onpu knew she had to find a way to get back to her normal life — and fast. But first, she had to figure out how Bobby lived. "Okay," she thought, "I'll need to blend in for now."

As the race continued, she attempted to engage. "So, does this happen often?" she asked, trying to sound interested.

"So much that us Texans have our brains stimulated!" replied Bill. "NASCAR's the only thing that we Texans have to a national sport."

"Why are they cheering?" Onpu muttered under her breath. "They're just driving in circles!" She crossed her arms, trying to mimic Bobby's casual demeanor, but it felt unnatural. She missed her magical girl life, the sparkles, the singing, and the friends who understood her world.

Suddenly, a commercial break interrupted the race, and Hank turned to his friends. "Alright, let's grab a cold one," he said, getting up from the couch. "You boys want anything?"

"Just some chips!" Dale called back, still glued to the screen.

As Hank walked to the kitchen, Onpu saw her chance. She grabbed the remote and quickly flipped through the channels, hoping to find something — anything — that resembled her world.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" Hank yelled from the kitchen, raising an eyebrow as he returned. "You know I don't like channel surfing during the race!"

"Uh, just checking to see if there are any concerts on!" Onpu replied quickly, trying to sound casual.

"Concerts? This is NASCAR time! You want a concert, you gotta go to a concert!" Hank replied, shaking his head in disbelief. "Now let me see that remote."

In that moment of distraction, Onpu thought of a plan. "Okay, I'll just have to wait for the right moment." She couldn't let Hank catch on. She needed to find Bobby and switch back before it was too late.

Suddenly, Onpu had a brainwave. Going out to see Bobby would have to involve her stepping out of the house, and Hank was hellbent on keeping Bobby inside so that he would experience the inherently Texan and masculine sport of NASCAR racing, as, according to him, unless Bobby's interests were masculine, "that boy ain't right." But what if, there was a reason for Bobby to be out of the house?

Onpu continued to fiddle with the TV remote until she found a documentary about the making of TV remotes. As the TV remotes passed through a complicated looking machine, receiving brand new paint jobs, Dale started looking slightly uneasy.

"Uh, Hank, I think something is wrong with your TV remote."

"What are you talking about, Dale?"

"I-I think it possesses that dark mark. You know the one. The one that aliens use to mark their technology."

"Dale, that's merely the seal of quality the manufacturers put on the remotes."

Onpu then changed the channel to another channel about TV remotes, only this time, it was conspiracy theory driven.

"I'm tellin' you Hank." Dale began. "Those TV remotes are beaming back images of us every time we press a button for the aliens to watch."

"Dale, just sit down and watch the NASCAR."

But Dale was too far-gone at this point, for he proceeded to hightail it out of the Hill household in a panic-fuelled run, eventually running to his van and driving off down the road, with Hank chasing him in his pickup truck. Onpu was seated in the back.

"DANG IT, DALE! GET BACK HERE!" yelled Hank.

Onpu's next plan involved switching on Hank's GPS without him looking, when he was at the traffic lights, which were on red, and waiting for them to turn green. Hank was focusing on the lights, rubbing his temples in frustration.

"You will arrive at your destination in exactly nine minutes." bleeped the GPS.

"What in the hell?!" blurted out Hank. "Bobby, you been messin' with my GPS again?!"

As soon as the lights hit green, Hank hit the accelerator once again, but found out that he was losing Dale in the chase, instead diverging onto different roads that lead towards the hospital. There, Onpu spotted Bobby and the other Ojamajos flying overhead on their brooms.

"BOBBY HILL!" she yelled, borrowing Hank's megaphone. "THERE IS SOMETHING DEEPLY WRONG! FLY DOWN AT ONCE!"

"What the heck? Bobby, you're right here." said Hank.

"I REPEAT, FLY DOWN AT ONCE! THIS IS AN ORDER!" commanded Onpu.

Bobby, still in Onpu's body, stopped mid-air, hovering above the hospital with the other Ojamajos. He blinked, momentarily confused. "Is that… my dad's voice?" he wondered aloud, glancing at the others. Doremi squinted down at the street.

"Hey! That's Hank Hill!" she exclaimed. "What's he doing here?"

"I think he's chasing Dale. Again." Aiko replied, looking worried. "But he sounds really mad."

With a few flaps of their brooms, the Ojamajos descended gracefully, touching down just as Hank pulled up, looking bewildered. "Bobby, what in the name of Texas is going on?" he yelled, still half-expecting to see his son in the passenger seat rather than seeing Onpu's form. Bobby had leaped down from the broom and landed in the passenger seat next to Onpu.

"Onpu?" Hank squinted at her, confused. "What in the hell are you doing in my truck?"

"Listen to me!" Onpu said sternly. "I'm actually in Bobby's body, and he's in mine! We switched bodies because we were curious about how each other's lives would play out, and also to escape Oyajide and Bobby's bullies. But it all went horribly wrong."

"YOU TELLIN' ME THAT MY SON'S IN YOUR BODY AND YOU'RE IN HIS?!" shouted Hank, in a wild shock. "BWAAAAAHHH!"

Hank blinked, trying to process the wild explanation. "You expect me to believe that? I mean, I knew that boy ain't right, but you're telling me my son is in your body, and you're in his? This is some sci-fi nonsense, Onpu. You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm serious!" Onpu insisted, her hands gripping the dashboard as she leaned closer to make her point. "Bobby can't stay in my body forever, and I need to switch back before anything else goes wrong! We need to find a way to reverse the spell!"

Just then, Bobby, still in Onpu's form, stepped forward. "Dad, it's true! I'm Bobby! I switched bodies with Onpu! I know it sounds crazy, but you have to trust us!"

"Bobby, listen to me!" Onpu instructed. "In the pocket of my skirt, you'll find my pollon. Wave it around for a couple of seconds until it starts emitting a purple light, then say the following phrase." She whispered into Bobby's ear. "Then, shoot the light out, make sure it hits us, and then we should be back to normal."

Bobby fiddled around in Onpu's pocket until he found her pollon, shining a brilliant purple light vibrantly. He gazed in excitement at the wondrous device. He'd never seen anything like it before.

"Pururun Purun Famifami Faa!" chanted Bobby, making himself look like an absolute doofus in front of Hank, who shook his head disapprovingly. "Switch me and Onpu's brains back!"

A purple light engulfed them both, and they suddenly felt their consciousnesses fade for two brief seconds, as their souls returned to their original owners. Finally, their bodies jerked awake once more, and Bobby and Onpu found themselves in their original bodies again.

"Phew, thank God that's over." muttered Hank. "That boy ain't right, and that girl ain't any better, either."

But he spoke too soon, for suddenly, a portal opened in the sky once more, followed by the sight of a strange man carrying flowers riding on a cane. Oyajide had returned again.

"OOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNPUUUUUU-CHAAAAAANNNNNNN! I HAVE RETURNED ONCE MORE TO DECLARE MY LOVE FOR YOU!"

"Oyajide, again." Onpu shook her head. "How did you figure out the combination to get out of the portal?!"

"I used WitchGPT!" he explained. "You won't believe the things that this Pureleine Computer can do!"

He immediately swooped down to give chase to a flying Onpu once more, throwing roses at her whilst she cast fireballs to burn the roses. Hank slammed down on the accelerator, also giving chase to Oyajide, threatening to kick his butt. But Bobby, inspired by his new friend and learning that she was in peril, hopped out of Hank's truck and ran on foot, also giving chase to Oyajide.

"Bobby! What in God's name are you doing?!" called Hank.

"Saving my friend!" answered Bobby.

He ran as fast as his fat little legs would allow him to, and eventually got in front of Oyajide, the scene looking as if it were a NASCAR race, only that a wizard and a witch were flying and he was on foot. He picked up a poster of Onpu and waved it in front of Oyajide, who was now lovestruck. Oyajide cornered Bobby in an alleyway, thinking that he was really Onpu due to the poster. As Oyajide prepared to declare his undying love for Onpu, Bobby turned straight towards Oyajide, revealing himself. Before he could say

anything, Bobby proceeded to deliver a very hard kick to Oyajide, right square smack-bang in the middle of his groin.

"That's my purse, I don't know you!"

As Oyajide was still reeling in pain, Hank had caught up with him in his truck, jumping outside to confront him. "Alright Oyajide," he began. "Prepare for an eternity of me kicking your ass!"

Hank then pinned Oyajide to a wall, where he began rapidly kicking Oyajide in the butt, with each kick being harder and more painful than the last, as Hank's size twelve boot continued to penetrate Oyajide's size one ass. You see, Oyajide suffered from a rare condition called DGS, Diminished Gluteal Syndrome, to be precise, which caused his ass to be smaller than most. Ironically, Hank suffered from the exact same condition, and yet here he was, doing the actual asskicking himself. The reason as to why Hank kicked other people's asses when he got angry was probably to compensate for his own lack of ass, as he was highly insecure about it.

Meanwhile, Onpu was hovering right above Oyajide, pollon at the ready. "Pururun Purun Famifami Faa!" she chanted. "Summon more Hanks!"

From a flash of great purple light, an entire Hank army marched, declaring, "WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!" towards the sky. The scene was chaotic as a legion of Hank Hills—each one a perfect, albeit slightly different, replica of the original—flooded the alleyway, their voices echoing in unison. "WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!" they shouted, their Texan drawls harmonizing eerily. "NO! NO! PLEASE! I JUST WANTED TO LOVE YOU!" Oyajide cried, flailing his arms in desperation, completely overwhelmed by the sheer force of the Hanks surrounding him.

"GOD-DANG IT! WE SELL PROPANE AND PROPANE ACCESSORIES!" they shouted. "YOU THINK WE WANT TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS BUSINESS?!"

The Hanks immediately charged forward and started to rain down kicks and punches on Oyajide, who was still reeling from the earlier blow to his groin. "OW! STOP IT! I'M JUST TRYING TO LOVE ONPU-CHAN!" Oyajide wailed, desperately trying to shield himself from the onslaught.

He tried to escape by opening another portal, but the Hanks stood in front of the portal, blocking him from exiting. "YOU SHALL NOT PASS!" they shouted, before each giving him a kick in the ass.

The chaos continued as the Hanks worked together, using their collective strength to keep Oyajide at bay. Onpu took a moment to gather her magic, preparing to seal the deal. "Okay, everyone! Stand back!" she called out, raising her pollon high. "This ends now! Pururun Purun Famifami Faa! Bind him!"

A shimmering light enveloped Oyajide, the magic wrapping around him like glowing chains. "NO! NOT AGAIN!" he cried, struggling against the binding force. "I JUST WANTED TO PROCLAIM MY LOVE!" The Hanks and Bobby watched in amazement as Onpu's spell took effect, finally restraining Oyajide completely. "There, that should hold him," Onpu said, breathing a sigh of relief as she floated down to join Bobby and Hank. "Now, we need to send him back to the Witch World for good," Onpu declared, looking down at Oyajide, who was still flailing helplessly against the magical chains.

Just then, Bobby charged forward just as the portal was opening. "You've harassed my friend, destroyed my dad's lawn, and caused chaos for the last time."

"What do you know about love?" Oyajide asked.

"Nothing." said Bobby. "I never studied love, but I did study law."

He then proceeded to charge forward some more, with the fury of a football player, kicking Oyajide in the groin with all the force he could muster, sending him flying into the portal and hereby banishing him into the Witch World for all eternity as the portal closed.

"I've said it once, and I'll say it again. That's my purse. I don't know you."

The alleyway fell silent, the echoes of chaos fading into the distance as the dust settled. Bobby stood tall, chest heaving from adrenaline, while the legion of Hanks slowly dissipated, each returning to their own version of normal life. Onpu floated down beside him, her expression a mix of awe and pride.

"Bobby, that was amazing!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling. "You really stood up for me!"

Bobby shrugged, a small smile creeping onto his face. "Well, you're my friend. And besides, that guy was a total creep! I couldn't let him get away with it."

Hank, still slightly disoriented from the entire ordeal, surveyed the scene. "Well, I'm just glad you're alright, son. And as for that Oyajide fella, good riddance! I don't want any more of that nonsense around here. I oughta put a sign around my front yard, because magical beings are not tolerated around this household!"

Onpu giggled at Hank's deadpan delivery, feeling a sense of warmth wash over her. "What's with Zero Tolerance over here?"

"He's just grouchy because he missed half of NASCAR." said Bobby.

With a newfound bond between the three of them, they began to walk back towards the Hill-Harukaze household, the sun setting in the distance. "So, what's next for you, Onpu?" Bobby asked, curious about her plans now that the chaos had subsided.

"I think I'll head back to my concert," Onpu said, adjusting her hair. "But I'll make sure to keep in touch. Maybe I can bring you to one of my shows sometime?"

"Yeah, that'd be awesome!" Bobby exclaimed. "I'd love to see you perform!"

"I'd love to perform for you!" Onpu replied, her eyes twinkling with excitement.

As they reached the front porch, a sense of relief washed over them. Hank opened the door, and they stepped inside, ready to unwind after a day full of chaos and unexpected adventures.

"Alright, let's just keep it simple for the rest of the day," Hank said, settling down on the couch. Suddenly, he received a phone call.

"Hank, it's me!" Dale answered. "I drove too far! I think I ended up in Antarctica! It's full of penguin-shaped aliens! They seem to be waddling… menacingly!"

"God-dang it, Dale." frowned Hank.

TO BE CONTINUED…